

# BANNER OF PROGRESS.

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## LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.

### To Lucy, on the Sister Shore.

BY J. H. ROGERS.

The air was hushed, and the world was still,  
While the light of the full-orbed moon  
With a mystic drapery clothed each hill:  
It silvered the breast of the waveless rill,  
And sent through my bosom a nameless thrill,  
As I sat in the night's pale noon.

I wandered away in the long age,  
Away 'mong the things that were;  
The winter of age, with its frost and snow,  
Then melted away in the summer glow,  
As the morn of youth, with its promise-bew,  
Arose on the silent air.

I sailed away on the lonely tide  
That is lost in a shoreless sea;  
But Time had trodden his pathway wide,  
The flowers were fading on every side,  
The blossoms I loved had withered and died,  
There were ashes alone for me.

Then a hand was laid on my drooping head,  
With a touch as light as air:  
The silver glow of the moonbeams fled,  
A softer, mellower light instead  
Was on my wondering vision shed—  
Lucy was standing there!

Her form was still like its earthly mold,  
But bright as a morning star;  
Her robes of light, with their dewy fold,  
Were edged with the rays of the sunset gold,  
As up through the azure fields their rolled,  
And were woven in the realms afar.

Her eyes were dark as a starless night,  
As deep as a moonless sky;  
Yet from their depths a glorious light  
Flashed and played, with the beauties bright  
That lurk in the smiles of calm delight,  
Which over her features play.

"Weak, doubting child of earth!" she cries;  
"I come from yon bright azure dome,  
To bid thee raise thy drooping eyes,  
And welcome with a glad surprise  
A message true from yonder skies,  
Thy spirit's future home."

She pointed with her shining hand  
Far up the silver way;  
The clouds rolled back in masses grand,  
And silver-columined arches spanned  
The pathway to that blissful land,  
Where fields elysian lay.

The hand withheld the silver veil  
That hides the golden door:  
I dimly saw the bosom pass—  
Mine eye glanced on his phantom sail—  
I felt the damp breath of the gale,  
And heard his dipping oar.

She with me crossed the silent tide,  
The frail bark bore us o'er;  
She did my faltering footsteps guide—  
She traveled closely by my side—  
We flung the golden portals wide—  
We trod the starry floor.

There, lit by sunlight's golden sheen,  
The plains of heaven lay;  
Deep waving woods of living green  
Far up through endless spaces were seen,  
While lakes and rivers intervene,  
With many a shining bay.

There islands, with unfading flowers,  
Lie sleeping on the tide;  
There souls repose among the bowers,  
Or bathe in sunlight's golden showers,  
And through eternity's bright hours  
Over the waters glide.

Sweet Lucy! I may thank thee well,  
For visions of my home:  
Nor feeble tongue, nor pen may tell  
How grand the glories rise and swell,  
In that bright land where spirits dwell,  
Come, Lucy, come!

[Written for the Banner of Progress.]

### THE LUNATIC BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DUGAL.

#### The Sequel.

Nearly ten years had elapsed since the school children had their picnic at Hoboken, where our little heroine, Ruth May, had so bravely defended a poor lunatic from the attack of boisterous boys. Changes had come to all. Many had gone to sleep sweetly in Greenwood, or elsewhere, and all the toils, cares, struggles, sufferings, achievements and triumphs which the human being, by inalienable heirship, comes into, had been freely distributed among them. For the most part, they were entering on that sphere of activity and power whose culmination should make them regulators of the machinery that moves the age. So majestically and silently flow forward life's great changes. The advent of the New, the exodus of the Old, the essence of the Past, the strength and practical activity of the Present, and the prophetic inspiration of the Future, all conspire to evolve the essential crises of the age, and effect the transit of great periods.

And in these tardy ten years—long even to her, child though she was—what had become of little Ruth? Life's bitterest experience, as the Seeress too well said, had unfolded to her a precocious capacity for suffering, with a corresponding prematurity. In her tenderest youth, and at a time when she most needed care, she had lost father, mother, and brother, almost at a single blow, and had been compelled to seek protection from a cruel and almost savage woman, widow of her uncle, the late Godfrey Grandswine. Her mother, almost with her last breath, had enjoined it upon her, in the most positive and solemn manner, that as soon as the funeral was over,

she should go at once to her aunt, and crave protection; for she felt that any shelter beneath a respectable roof would be better than no shelter at all, in a city full of wolves, where the fairest and most innocent lambs are sure to become the first prey. "And besides," thought the fond mother, "when she comes to see the sweet child, robbed and orphaned by her husband's cruel covetousness, it may be she will feel the propriety of making some restitution. Who knows? At any rate, she cannot but pity, if she does not love, the motherless child." And in this faith she passed away, hopeful and happy. But in all her observation of life and character, she had no knowledge of such a mass of crude cruelty and selfish passions as constituted the whole make-up of Matilda Grandswine. Over her entire being, thus far, including pre-natal influences for generations back, the most perverse and powerful passions presided, with but small checks and very little softening from the higher virtues or finer affections. In fact, she was one of those most unhappy cases, where the discords and inharmonies of preceding generations seem focalized in a single life. Society, with all its efforts to the contrary, sometimes produces saints, whose extraordinary virtues concentrate and develop into angelic comeliness of soul; and, by the same rule, why should there not as well be born devils, who are constituted to receive and unfold gross and vicious traits? But was Matilda to blame for this? Who shall dare to say it? She was no more to be censured for unfolding the constitutional propensities that had been forced upon her, than the angels are for developing only the finer and more ethereal elements of life. But none the less wretched was her miserable victim. Turbulent, exacting, and passionate, the prey of a restless, morbid, and insatiable necessity of excitement, Matilda, amid all her splendor, was a wretched woman; and one thing she seemed resolved on—to bring every one about her into the same state.

For the period of three years Ruth had borne up against every kind of outrage which a cruel woman could invent, or a poor, dependent, and defenseless orphan suffer. Hopeful, and determined to live, and suffer to the utmost, so she might keep inviolate her sacred promise, she had submitted to the meanest of menial services. Night and day she was called on for the most trivial reasons, and her proper rest so infringed, that had she not been sustained by some superior power, it would seem that her health must have suffered seriously. Yet still, for that sweet mother's sake, she asked to bear and do whatever might be laid upon her.

"Surely," she would say to herself, in the beginning of her hard service, "my aunt must see, some time, how hard I do try to please her." And so she kept on trying, long and long after a heart less hopeful, will less strong, and a temper less sweet, would have broken down and failed her utterly.

For her there was no respite and no recreation; for, though cut off from the society of her aunt and cousins, she was not permitted to associate with the servants; and thus the gates of common sympathy were everywhere closed against her. Only one old negress, who had been a slave in the family of her great grandfather Barrow, dared even to treat her with common respect, to say nothing of kindness; but Mammy Gray, who had been for four generations a licensed favorite in the family, held the poor desolate child in especial favor. She was an old woman at the time of John May's marriage, and as she had been his mother's nurse, he hunted her out from some obscure hole, where she had crept away to die, brought her home, and had her cared for with the greatest kindness, just for the pure aristocracy of the thing. And in their grand entertainments, Mammy Gray, with her chatty stories of the grandeur of Massa Barrow's plantation, and "de big Christmas pie, an' de little Mary to dat grow to be de handsomest gal in all F'lician"—dat was Massa John's own mnyer—an' how Massa John favored his mnyer—"was often started with attentions that took the gloss off of the music, and almost rivaled the flavor of the wines. But apart, and confidentially with Ruth, she was not quite so flattering to the family pride; but with a disdainful display of toothless gums, and a quick, nervous back-jerk of the head, she would say something of the "piny woods people," and the "poor white trash"—meaning the Grandswines, who had crept in, somehow, and darkened the family escutcheon, to her eye at least. Once in a while, when nobody was nigh, and sometimes it would be quite late at night, she would take Ruth in her arms, and, swinging to and fro, rock her almost to sleep, in one of the high-backed flag-stained kitchen chairs with which her domicile was furnished, and which, on having been made expressly to her own order, received the approving sentence of "Dem is cheers."

And thus the magnetism of a full and simple love laved the aching heart with its healing balm, and comforted the comfortless. Had it not been for this occasional relief, the unnatural and monstrous load of hardships and sufferings would have been too heavy, and the poor child would have sunk and perished by the wayside. Do not the blessed angels always, in our sternest trials, send us the one ray of light, the one drop of balm, that may reanimate, and restore, and save? Think of this, ye suffering ones, and look to the Heavens for comfort, and it shall surely come.

"Pears dis is very singlar," Mammy Gray, in her confidential interviews with Ruth, would often say, "dat you, ducky Massa John's own flesh an' blood, should be treated wus'n any nigger on any plantation I've ever seed, an' I've seed heaps in my younger day! Don't you mind it 'tall, honey! Go 'long up dar, to den big parlors, dat always look so dark an' lonesome all day long! Go right 'long dar, you 'bessed chile, an' set down! Dey should 'tank God—dem cruel an' wicked women, dat de Lord send you here, just like a little angel born in heben, wid de sweet smile, an' de sweet word, as if de angels al'ays kiss you. Take my 'vice, ducky, an' neber be

afesard; Ruth Mary May—name for your gran'mnyer an' well need, too. An' didn't she lay in my arms, an' sleep in my bosom long, long arter de money was all gone, like a sweet little rose, a-bloom in a coal-hod? So, don't you mind honey! Ef anybody puts on airs it should be you; for wasn't yer great gran'faver a rare born gentleman—none o' dem Grandswines—smell strong o' piny woods?—Kil! dat spile Massa John, an' make him mis'able ter his dyin' day. So he told me jes afore he gin up de ghost."

Then, with a start, and a bitter, ironical smile, she said, "So, dar de bell ring, an' Miss Margareta, she mus' hab somefin' extra, jes cause you're tired'n common. Run, honey, or dey'll blow dis big house up, all 'bout our ears. Mos' sleep, I declare!" The poor child was strained to the withered old bosom, that was yet so warm and glowing underneath, with a force that suddenly woke her, and, as she ran away, the old negress resumed her rocking to and fro, and her seemingly senseless prattle about the grandeur of early times.

But there was another source of support and comfort, which, though hardly appreciable to the lonely little Ruth, yet gave solace to many a dark period, and sustained the failing strength, with a will to bear and suffer on. This was a consciousness—at times almost positive—of the presence and sympathy of her mother. The impressions had commenced in dreams soon after the demise of Mrs. May—the visions becoming more clear and vivid, and the presence and speech more tangible and real, until they stretched out into the normal condition, and she could hardly separate or distinguish the two states.

For several months previous to the period just now introduced, Ruth had begun to feel that the promise of the child could not be always binding on the woman, with a corresponding decline and weakening of the will power in regard to it. The evolution of this crisis was involuntary, and often caused the poor girl much distress and trouble of conscience. But she was still haunted by these impressions; and along with them came truer and clearer views of the future. The impenetrable darkness that had for years hung over her, and at times almost with a suffocating closeness, began to lift, and show that something brighter—something at least more comfortable and peaceful—might rest in the unknown vistas beyond. Ruth was startled and alarmed at the persistency of these thoughts. Could she, indeed, cast her eyes so far into the future, and be faithful to her sacred promise, the life words that the cold car of death could take in, and the palsied tongue respond to, ere they were still and mute forever? Even in her bitterest suffering, she shuddered to think that this might be—or that she might purchase any degree of outside good, or favor, by the least infringement of her most solemn vow. She determined to keep it, safely and sacredly, locked in the inmost heart, though she should walk with unquelling tread through the midst of the fiery furnace.

Still, in spite of herself, the highly idealized sanctity of her promise awakened and lowered daily, until at length she had come to see that, as a human being, she had rights of her own, and first among them was the right to be happy. And this conclusion, which seemed forced upon her, and now almost constantly protruded itself, led her to look out and round, as she slyly read the papers, or ran of errands through the streets, to see if there was not some place, however humble it might be, where she might earn her living by any respectable work, no matter how hard. And thus a new crisis, that bore along with it the strength and consciousness of her awakening womanhood, was evolved.

She tried hard to make herself miserable on this account, because she believed herself very wicked thus to infringe, even in thought, a promise that had been made under such solemn and awful sanctions. But still the new peace flowed into her soul, a deepening and broadening river of strength. Her life was at once invested with a new motive and a new power. Strange and beautiful lights beamed through the rifts of clouds of the distant horizon, letting in glimpses of scenes so serene and peaceful that, compared with her present condition, they seemed like heaven itself. The plumage of soft wings enfolded and fanned her to repose, or, in sleep, wafted her away to fair Islands of the Blest, which she should some day inhabit and make all her own. Sweet breaths breathed round her horn and evening, and day and night her heart sang for joy. It was well she could not see the dark gulf that lay between her and all this good, or she would never have had will and strength enough to bridge and cross it. But the time and the call came even for this. One morning, as she lay in bed later than usual, because there had been a grand party the night before, and the family would not be stir until nearly noon, she was startled wide awake by these remarkable words: "When the bricks are doubled, Moses is near." It was the voice of her old pastor, an intimate friend of her father and of her grandmother May. As she sprang up quickly, and looked around, it seemed as if some one had just gone out, and the next moment a form flitted before her, whose lineaments and attire were not to be mistaken. It was the Lunatic Woman, whom she had seen only by glimpses for several years. Wondering how she had got into the house, Ruth stretched out her arms invitingly, never doubting that she beheld the actual presence and person of one whom she had always remembered with a strange and unaccountable interest. But after a few steps forward, the form checked itself suddenly, and with a beckoning gesture said: "Come over to me—this night." And again she heard the same deep, trumpet-toned voice as before, saying, "Arise and go forth from the habitation of wrong, and from the house of bondage. Fear not, for a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, shall lead thee in safety through the wilderness." Again she heard the same rustling sound, as of some

one suddenly and swiftly retiring, and then she was alone in the still twilight of the early morning.

Ruth, although she had never before heard or witnessed anything like this, felt sure that the words had been addressed to herself, and that they indicated some sudden, if not violent change in her condition. Too much excited for sleep, she arose, and going softly down stairs, wandered through the rooms, trying to set herself to work, that she might be better able to shake off the feeling of dread which now began to oppress her. She knew that something was to be done that day of painful, though essential moment to herself; but through what avenue it should approach no human being might tell. And then her thoughts reverted to the vision of the Lunatic, and her strange and commanding invitation, while through the whole came the presence of her mother, with a steady, deep, serene smile, and an outward wave of the hand, which also indicated that she should go away.

During this period of spiritual exaltation there had been, as may be supposed, many oversights and remissions of former duty, which were repeated from day to day, with but small sensibility to chiding or abuse. And of this, Ruth now for the first time began to be painfully conscious. By the severe measure of hard-handed exaction, she was, indeed, found wanting; and she listened for her aunt's bell with an undefined and nervous apprehension of some approaching ill; but she was not summoned to the lady's presence until quite late in the afternoon.

At length, it came—a sharp, quick ring, as if the metal itself felt the stinging sound it was forced to give. But Ruth was suddenly calmer than she had been all day. She felt that the hour had come, and the moment. She knew that there was but one thing needed to effect a complete liberation, and that that was coming. So she was calmer and more self-possessed than usual, though frightfully pale and rigid-looking.

With the first glance at the awful presence, all her impressions were confirmed. Never before had Matilda Grandswine been so terribly bitter and abusive. She made a rapid review of Ruth's late abstraction, and consequent inattention to positive orders, while the whole speech was overlaid with the most degrading and disgraceful language, the meanest insinuations, and the most abusive charges. A favorite theme, whenever she intended to cut the deepest and hurt the hardest, was to speak disrespectfully and even abusively of Ruth's venerated parents; and at this time she took occasion to discourse at large on their short-comings in general and particular. The father was lazy, and groveling in all his tastes and habits. In his business concerns he was a perfect jackass, trusting those he had no business to trust. His wife ought to have had him put under a guardian, only she was so miserable, and shiftless, and good for nothing herself, there was little to complain of. It was really strange how they had managed to keep their heads above water so long as they did. Yes, William May should have been put under a guardian, and Godfrey Grandswine—he was a splendid business man—should have been the person, though his kind efforts were never appreciated—she had even heard of his being slandered and abused in his brother's family. No wonder they lost their property. It was a just judgment for their laziness, meanness and ingratitude.

Ruth's heart burned within her to hear all this; but she sat pale and still as a marble statue, as Mrs. Grandswine finally wound up with observing: "There, I believe I have now said everything I can say."

She regarded her victim with a smile of immense satisfaction; but seeing how pale and patient she stood, without moving a muscle, a sigh, a breath, or even a passing shiver, to give sign that she lived and felt, the passionate and heartless woman was exasperated beyond endurance, at the idea of all her eloquence having been expended on an unfeeling, senseless lump of clay.

Fixing her flaming eyes on the pale and pendant lids of Ruth, as if, with her scorching glances, she would burn through them, she said: "Why don't you answer me?" Then rising and approaching the girl, she shook her violently, telling her to speak—to say something. But still the mute lips were sealed, and the shrinking form betrayed no sign of life or feeling, by so much as a shudder.

"You insulting jade!" said Matilda, shaking her still more rudely, "I had rather anybody would spit in my face than not to answer me!" and, enraged to a degree that must have deprived her of her senses, she spat directly in the sweet face, that looked so pale and pitiful, a savage or a brute might have felt its mute appeal for mercy.

There needed but this to restore the girl to her senses and herself. There was an instant reaction. The blood flowed back to her heart. The extremities warmed and thrilled. A hue of life and feeling overspread the face, and lit up every feature with a new sense of nobility and power. Never had Ruth felt so large, so strong, so perfectly self-reliant, so entirely able to stand alone as at that moment. The full-grown Minerva, clothed in complete armor, issuing from the brain of Jove, is not all fable, for the full-grown woman, pushed into life and roused to action by that most cruel insult, robed with majesty and crowned with splendor, came forth uncalled from the heart of the still and suffering child. Retiring a few steps back from the obscene presence, Ruth fixed her eyes, now overcharged with the terrible magnetism of abused and suffering innocence, on the eyes of Matilda; and then she knew her power, for the flaming orbs were quelled, and they shrank and fell away as if blinded by the scorching rebuke of a roused and indignant soul. The woman trembled from head to foot, as if shaken by some strange terror, and she attempted to reach the bell, as if to ring for help. Ruth brushed the hand away, and it fell, powerless as the hand of a babe.

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Those who have had the patience to follow me in my illustrations of the character of the spirit-spheres, as described by ancient Spiritualists, cannot have failed to notice the regular progression from one sphere to another; and that the life of man on earth is typical of his life in the spheres; that each of these was a life in itself, and the departure from it was death, or a new birth into the next higher. Thus the spirit, in its progress from sphere to sphere, through births and deaths, at last arose from the celestial, and was born into the deific sphere. But before this was possible, it had to be cleansed from all disturbing influences, purified from falsehood, and liberated by a knowledge of the truth, or of the harmonious relationship existing between a God and the universe; for where the spirit of a God was, there was liberty.

The Cabalah represents the three deific spheres as typified by the three elements, Fire, Air, and Water. From these came the divine number *Three*, recognized in all systems of theology with more or less perspicuity; just as all sacred numbers have a direct reference to the divisions in the spheres. The number *Four* was peculiarly sacred; for though it represented the lower spheres, from it was evolved the other numbers of the spheres above;—thus, add four, three, two, and one together, the result is ten, the number of the spheres. Every one is familiar with the sacredness of *seven*; the Bible can scarcely be opened without finding a reference to it. Even the Decalogue was written with reference to the sacred numbers, on two tables; one containing our duty to God, the other our duty to man. The first three commands—or "words," as they are termed—had reference to the three spheres of the Gods; the first "word" enjoined a *belief in the existence of the I AM*, or the perfect Deity of the tenth sphere; the second referred to the *worship of God*, or the ninth sphere; the third enjoined *reverence for the name of God*—the eighth sphere being where the apotheosized spirit first took upon itself the name, *God*. The other table commenced with the injunction: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," the seventh sphere being the sphere of Saturn; and the day of Saturn was the day sacred to rest, for reasons already stated. And so on with the other commands and spheres respectively. But, in order to form a perfect agreement, it will be necessary to transpose the seventh and eighth according to the *Protestant* division; for there is a diversity of opinion regarding the division of the "ten words." The Catholic first Commandment is the Protestant first and second; and the Protestant tenth is the Catholic ninth and tenth; while the Hebrew accepts what is called "the preface" as the first: "I am the Lord thy God." The Catholic first is the Hebrew's second; all the succeeding ones agree with the Protestant. Some Hebrew writers think that the commands, in their agreement with the ten spheres, refer to the positive and negative principle—the commands "I am the Lord thy God," "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," "Honor thy father and thy mother," being the three positive commandments, and the rest the negative. The reader may choose which set pleases him. If his own common sense, derived from experience, be not a sufficient guide in matters of right and wrong, any of the sets may be of use to him, provided he has a priest to explain them!

The following extract, from an old geographical work framed on the rules of Ptolemy, shows the ideas then entertained regarding the ten spheres. It is quoted from a note in Ashmand's translation of Ptolemy's "Tetrabiblos":

"CHAPTER 2. The world is divided into two parts, the elemental region, and the aetherial. The elemental region is constantly subject to alteration, and comprises the four elements, earth, water, air, and fire. The aetherial region, which philosophers call the fifth essence, encompasses by its concavity the elemental; its substance remains always unvaried, and consists of ten spheres, of which the greater one always spherically environs the next smaller, and so on in consecutive order. First, therefore, around the sphere of fire, God, the Creator of the world, placed the sphere of the Moon, then that of Mercury, then that of Venus, then that of the Sun, and afterwards those of Mars, of Jupiter, and of Saturn. Each of these spheres, however, contains but one star; and these stars, in passing through the Zodiac, always struggle against the *primum mobile*, or the motion of the tenth sphere; they are also entirely luminous. In the next place follows the firmament, which is the eighth or starry sphere, and which trembles or vibrates (*trepidat*) in the two small circles at the beginning of Aries and Libra (as placed in the ninth sphere); this motion is called by astronomers the motion of the access and recess of the fixed stars. (Probably in order to account for the precession of the Equinoxes.)

"This is surrounded by the ninth sphere, called the crystalline or watery heaven, because no star is discovered in it.

"Lastly, the *primum mobile*, styled also the tenth sphere, encompasses all the aforementioned aetherial spheres, and is continually turned upon the poles of the world, by one revolution in twenty-four hours, from the east through the meridian to the west, again coming round to the east.

"At the same time, it rolls all the inferior spheres round with it by its own force; and there is no



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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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## Rev. Mr. Stebbins on the Sunday and Sunday Law.

The second lecture on the Sabbath, by this gentleman, was delivered at the Metropolitan Theater on Sunday last. His text was the last verse of the 28th chapter of Mark: "The son of man is lord also of the Sabbath." He said the commentators all agree that this passage means, "man is lord of the Sabbath." He maintained, as in the first lecture, that even the Mosaic Sabbath was not a religious day, but simply a day of cessation from physical labor. There is no authority in the Bible for the setting apart of any day for religious purposes. The service of God and man is not formal, but vital. Jesus did not separate men into classes of good and bad, nor appoint holy days; he kept all sorts of company, even the lowest. The spirit of Jesus dissolves all formalism, as the sun dissolves the snow; he could not found institutions; he left everything "all out of doors." Jesus founded no Sabbath for Sunday or any other day; the only authority there is for a Sabbath is the same as there is for everything beneficent. A day of rest had been found necessary, and custom has established Sunday as that day. The evidence for the authority of any institution is the institution itself. Jesus had not established an orphan asylum; yet, who will contend against such an institution on account of lack of such authority? Heaven and hell are Divine institutions, having their own authority for their existence.

[The reasoning of the last few sentences appears to us very extraordinary for a man of Mr. Stebbins' reputation as a logician. The same argument would justify any tyrannical and oppressive institutions the world ever saw—that of slavery included. It is the doctrine of the "Divine right of kings" revived, in this republic of the nineteenth century! If institutions exist by Divine right, the bad as well as the good, then God must be considered as much the Author of evil as of good. We do not wholly dissent from this proposition; but is Mr. Stebbins prepared to accept this inevitable conclusion from his own premises?—EDITOR BANNER.]

The Rev. gentleman proceeded to charge the majority of the Christians with a pious fraud, in attempting to base the religious observance of Sunday upon Biblical authority, when there is none for it. He thought this was done from a fear that the whole truth would not be strong enough, if told, rather than from a design to deceive. To him it appeared like a baby in the arms of a giant, to substitute a Sabbath in his name like feeding him, as it were, in a manly manner, with bib and spoon. Sunday is the Sabbath only by common consent, in commemoration of his resurrection; like the 4th of July with us, in celebration of another important event. Any other basis for the setting apart of the day is a fraudulent one. The main question is, Is Sunday a good day—as good as any other? It has been used as a Sabbath through centuries, and custom has sanctioned such use. The people have never signified a wish to abolish it. They, who had abolished slavery, and could abolish Sunday, do not wish to do so. [The Rev. gentleman seems to have forgotten that it is but a short time since the people, or a large majority of them, had no desire to abolish slavery; yet slavery is abolished, and the people are glad of it.]

Mr. Stebbins said that the most important consideration with the people now is, Shall the day be exclusively devoted to religious exercises? Many were half careless and half conscientious in this matter. They want some religious privileges, and, at the same time, some social privileges. Our present method of keeping Sunday seems in conflict with a pleasant manner of life. It is altogether wrong to place its observance solely on religious grounds. The day has no essential religious quality; there is no such thing as moral obligation on Sunday more than on any other day. The present practice divorces religion from life. Our method of observing the day should be similar to that of keeping Thanksgiving. There is no natural conflict between religion and rational recreation. He had himself restricted his own recreation to one religious service on Sunday, and thought it enough, and even better than two. A large part of community devote the day entirely to amusement—have no religious interest in it. Sunday laws assume to enforce the religious observance of the day. It is a dangerous claim to set up. Such legislation covers the darkest pages of human history; it lies at the foundation of religious persecution. It is a sin committed against God and man. "The sin committed against the gods, the gods will take care of." The desire of religious law-givers seems to be to "fix things" so that men will be compelled to be good. The efforts of the clergy appear like a suspicion that religion is something to be rammed down the throats of the people. The bulk of mankind are not irreligious, but only about one-fifth have any active interest in religion. Nevertheless, we have no right to enforce it upon them. Most people will do what pleases them in this regard. It is better to be an honest doubter, however, than a make-believe—a hypocrite.

Finally, Mr. Stebbins thought it best to let the Sunday law go. He asked with emphasis, Is it not a dead letter? Who obeys it? Does not every one do what pleases him—go where he will, and do what he will, on that day, regardless of the law? Therefore he would say, that no law is necessary in the case except one prohibiting the service of civil process.

The gentleman's peroration, speaking in favor of liberty of conscience and freedom of action, was very fine; and we are heartily rejoiced that he has planted himself so firmly on the platform of progress, and taken such a decided stand against the iniquitous enactments abridging the freedom which is the birthright of all mankind—more especially of American citizens. It is in our power, he said, to divert the amusements of the people into harmless channels. Libraries can be opened, religious instruction can still be provided, and education be carried on as well without the law as with it. Listen, O earth! and let the sound reach unto the heavens;—this people are to be educated, not governed! M.

## McMonagle—Scudder.

The Rev. Mr. McMonagle's recent course of lectures on Spiritualism is announced for repetition in the Howard Presbyterian Church—Rev. Dr. Scudder's. The advertisements of the fact in the daily papers resemble a flaming political rallying cry for a mass meeting. All the bold-faced type at command has been used, to attract the eye of the reader to the statement. When it is considered that the best judges in such matters pronounced his lectures a failure, it must be acknowledged that Mr. McMonagle exhibits an immense amount of assurance in again presenting his weak sophistries and puny denunciations before an audience; but it is still more remarkable that he should have been invited to deliver them in a church where the Rev. Dr. Scudder officiates—a clergyman who visited Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye in the darkness of evening for the purpose of consulting her as a medium, and came away requesting total silence on her part regarding his visit, if she recognized him. Her reply was worthy of a high-spirited and intelligent woman: "I do not know who you are, and I do not wish to know." The fact leaked out through another channel in a few days, and the Rev. Doctor of Divinity was the subject of much amusing conversation among Spiritualists for a good while. He had startling tests of spirit power and spirit communion during the sitting, and was as much "dumbfounded" as he would have been by a thunderbolt. And now, forsooth, he is going to stand by and see Spiritualism and its mediums stoned by this "popular" lecturer, McMonagle, as Saul consented at the stoning of Stephen.

Well, of the two, we do not hesitate much which to choose as our worst friend. McMonagle is ignorant, but honest and sincere; for Scudder there is not even the excuse that Saul of Tarsus could plead in his own favor. The latter had not yet come to the knowledge of the truth, and thought he was doing God service. But Scudder has had opportunities, and has seen the light of the new dispensation through the open windows of heaven; yet he will assist in giving countenance to the furious onset about to be made by the populace, headed by McMonagle. M.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE BULLETIN, at Olympia, Washington Territory, notices the advent of Mr. Todd and Dr. Bryant, and quotes a lot of balderdash from a paper at that place, accusing them of "blasphemy" and of insulting the Christian religion, etc. The paper aforesaid says that "Todd believes and trusts his own judgment as infallible. From the decisions of this mentor there is no appeal. He believes in nothing upon which it does not set the seal of approval." Way should he? we ask. What was his reason, given him for, if not to be exercised? Does not every thing in life, in the final appeal, have to be submitted to the reasoning faculties? What do we talk to, or why do we talk at all, if not to the reason of men? But we came near forgetting that the popular theology is not, according to the clergy, founded upon reason, but upon a foggy, misty, dark, uncertain thing, called revelation, made, it is said, thousands of years ago. Give us a revelation now—one which reason will comprehend and accept—and you will not hear it "blasphemed" or "insulted," by any but fools and idiots. As the case stands, Reason has the best of your "revelation," all the time. M.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—From the tone of an article quoted by a correspondent of the Bulletin from Olympia, one would suppose there had been no Protestant Reformation, and that Luther and his coadjutors had not labored to establish the right of private judgment. The writer makes a great ado about a saying of Mr. Todd, that he "believes in nothing upon which it (his judgment) does not set the seal of his approval." It may be proper for natural fools to be guided by the judgment of others as to what they ought to believe, but for a man with the faculties of reason in full development and activity, it seems absurd. A proposition to give up one's own judgment, in matters of belief, sounds like many things which were heard in the days of the Spanish Inquisition. There are thousands of people, even in these days, who either will not or cannot think for themselves. Mr. Todd is not one of these. M.

"TREM," which is the short of Trembler or Tremulous, is the signature of a writer in the Californian, who is evidently "in bondage to the fear of death." He thinks it "shockingly indelicate" for one to compose lines at the funeral of a friend. He is one of that large class of persons, whose lives are so corrupt and villainous that they are afraid to die, lest there should be retribution immediately after. Every reference to the Great Terror, therefore, makes them tremble. "Lines at a Funeral" shock them indescribably. M.

A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER COMING.—Rev. Herman Snow, a Unitarian clergyman and Spiritualist lecturer, left New York on the first of the present month for California. He intends opening a store for the sale of liberal and spiritual books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, and stationery, together with a circulating library. We hope he will have time to spare in the lecturing field, in which the laborers are few at present in this latitude. M.

THE New York Christian Advocate, in recording a "revival," adds, in italics, as the choicest item in the paragraph:

"Brother Hinckle has powerfully touched the conscience of callous sinners, and succeeded in doubling the list of subscribers to our excellent paper!"

## New Books.

Messrs. A. Roman & Co. have for sale the following new publications:

COMING WONDERS EXPECTED BETWEEN 1867 AND 1875. With eighteen full-page illustrations. By Rev. M. BAXTER, author of "The Coming Battle." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

This book is of the old orthodox literal interpretation school of Second Advent publications, and is intended principally to further the ideas and interests of that sect; but it contains some matters bearing upon the "wonders" of modern Spiritualism, which we shall notice at length by-and-by. The author's definition of Spiritualism will be understood when it is known that he considers the prophecy in Revelation xvi. 13, 14 to refer to the spirit manifestations of our day. All are "unclean spirits," or "demons," that is, the spirits of wicked persons who have lived on earth, in the view of our author and of some whom he quotes. But we will not enlarge upon this topic at this time.

LIBER LIBRORUM: ITS STRUCTURE, LIMITATIONS, AND PURPOSE. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Skeptic. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

"Liber Librorum," or "The Book of Books," is an attempt to take advantage of the universally prevalent skepticism of the day, by one who is himself a Bible-believer, for the purpose of overthrowing the dogmas of the plenary inspiration and infallibility of the Scriptures. If the writer were a skeptic, the task would have been a much easier one; but the work he has undertaken seems like the demolition of a fortress from within by its defenders, while the enemy are pressing from without. It looks like a preparation on the part of the inmates for capitulation. The objects of the author of this book are set forth in the Preface to this American edition as follows:

"1. He opposes the 'bibliolatry' which idolizes the letter of the Scriptures as against the claims of the Scriptures themselves, and the spirit of their contents."

"2. He opposes the pretensions of High Church arrogance, and the pharisaism of sensual ritualism."

"3. He rejects also the narrowness of that theological dogmatism which reads every term and phrase of its creed and catechism between the lines of the Scriptures, and refuses to revise the traditions of schools of theology by the aid of better methods of interpretation."

Notwithstanding the apparent fairness of the above declarations, the author has succeeded only in establishing the weakness of the claim of all theological schools for the Divine authenticity of the Scriptures, in any sense that makes a belief in them, as the word of God, imperative. The writer of the American preface concedes that some of the opinions of the author are not well considered, and that others are mere conjectures; and also that some of his views are not even supported by Scripture testimony. A perusal of the book, however, we think, will satisfy intelligent minds that the main pillar of Popular Theology has been struck down by the author himself, by the denial of plenary Divine inspiration.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON. A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

The story of the Voyage in search of the Golden Fleece, in verse, by a modern poet, who appears thoroughly acquainted with Grecian mythology, and who has given in this classical production evidence of genius which have called forth enthusiastic notices from the English reviewers.

The book is beautifully printed, and makes a handsome volume of over three hundred pages. M.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS assembled in compliance with the call, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday, Sept. 3d. Resolutions of respect to the memory of Rev. John Pierpont, President of the previous National Convention, were passed. The proceedings of the first day only have reached us, and consequently we cannot give more than a passing notice of the assembling of the Convention. The evening session was devoted to the reading of two essays, by S. J. Finney and Mrs. Mary F. Davis—the first on the Spiritual Idea of Education. The hall, which holds twelve hundred persons, was crowded. A full record of the proceedings will be published, from which we shall extract whatever may be most interesting. M.

REV. MR. EARLE preached a sermon at Park street church, (Brimstone Corner), in Boston, on the 15th of August, in the course of which he gave an account of his stewardship on the Pacific coast, and intimated that he might return here within a few months. This golden-egg of California seems particularly attractive to revivalists. Earle, it is certain, carried off her eggs by the pocketful, yet he is not satisfied. With Elder Knapp to keep him in countenance while he makes another raid, he may succeed, in his second tour of this coast, as well as he did in the first, but we have our doubts. Many of the fools have died lately. M.

REV. CHARLES BEECHER, (brother of Henry Ward Beecher,)—who, some years since, published a book to demonstrate that spirit manifestations were the work of demons—has recently acted in the capacity of committee-man at a public séance of Laura V. Ellis, the child medium. He acknowledged that an intelligence and power independent of that of the medium must have produced the manifestations he witnessed. Whether he is now prepared to acknowledge these demons as departed relatives and friends, is not stated. If he keeps on investigating, and "trying the spirits," he will come to that by-and-by. M.

ONE THOUSAND PERSONS assembled at the annual Picnic of Spiritualists at Pierpont Grove, Melrose, Massachusetts, August 29th, and continued in camp four days. Speeches, songs, recitations, physical manifestations of spirit power, trance speaking, improvisations, and gymnastic exercises, occupied the time. During the four days, not less than six thousand persons visited the camp from the surrounding towns.

So THE "HEALER" believes in a devil after all.—Dramatic Chronicle.

Yes; and he believes His Satanic Majesty spends most of his time in the editorial chair of the Chronicle.

## A Camp-Meeting for the "Promotion of Holiness."

This meeting, held at Vineland, N. J., was intended especially for the promotion of holiness, and no ministers were invited, or allowed to preach, who did not profess entire sanctification. This, as a matter of course, was unpleasant to many in the ministry, and especially to some who chanced to attend, not fully understanding the character of the meeting, and were not only ignored in all services, but were even told distinctly that they could not be allowed to take part in the preaching services. This was all right, provided the idea of such a meeting was right. If there was error, it was in getting up such a meeting at all. At any rate, whatever may have been the results to those who attended it, the meeting gave great dissatisfaction to many, and has awakened fears of a separation in this vicinity as the "Nazareth" movement, which took place in Western New York a few years ago.

At the Camp-meeting held soon after the Vineland meeting, at Camden, Del., an open collision took place; two sermons having been preached on each side of the question. On the one hand, certain views were inculcated, and strongly urged, as both Scriptural and Methodist, and on the other they were denounced as "New Divinity," anti-Scriptural, and anti-Methodistic. The people of course took sides, pro and con, with the preachers, and the effect was anything but healthful to revival influences.—California Christian Advocate.

We should have liked to see those ministers who "professed entire sanctification." If they had not proved as graceless a set of hypocrites as ever went abroad in the earth, we should have been disappointed. No wonder there was dissatisfaction and disgust among the people, at the exhibition of so much assumption on the part of their religious teachers! What an astonishing effect such a meeting must have had in the "promotion of holiness," where the preachers put themselves forth as exemplars of that holiness which they enjoined upon others! "Entire sanctification," indeed! Solomon says, (Prov. xxx. 12-14.) "There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, and yet not washed from their filthiness. There is a generation, O how lofty are their eyes! and their eyelids are lifted up. There is a generation, whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men." A prophetic vision of a paid priesthood, self-righteous, "entirely sanctified" in their own estimation! M.

THOUSANDS of dirty and vicious Irish Catholic boys might be converted, if we did not seem to give them up in despair, and make no effort for their salvation.—California Christian Advocate.

"Dirty and vicious" are not very flattering epithets to apply to those whom you wish to convert to your way of thinking; and such terms are not very generally successful in convincing others of your good-will toward them; but this method and disposition on the part of Christians are of the same tenor as those attributed to the Christian's God, who is said to evince His love for His children in the beginning by calling them hard names, and threatening them with eternal punishment. These things have not proved very attractive to them hitherto, and some have come to believe there is no such God as the Christians represent. Nature and Reason do not reveal any such Being to mankind. M.

BISHOP THOMSON'S SERMON was a most convincing argument in support of the truth of revealed religion. He did not pay court to the whims of modern skepticism, but boldly stated and maintained the old laws of morality and the immutability of the deity.—California Christian Advocate.

And so will it be till the end of error shall come. Common sense will continue to explode the nonsense of religionists about miracles and a bodily resurrection; but there will be, for a long time to come, bishops and priests so bigoted or so dishonest as to preach such dark absurdities, which cannot bear the light of reason. M.

CONTRADICTORY.—The Antocrat of the Breakfast Table shrewdly says: "Contradictory equalizes fools and the wise—and the fools know it." That's the reason why the table-tippers are so anxious to "discuss" with the Christian clergy.—Dramatic Chronicle.

We think we have knocked that seat from under you once; but as you have ventured upon it again, we may as well say, once for all, that we have no controversy with fools, and your persistent efforts to "equalize" with us will be of no avail. M.

WHITING & BERRY, Tea, Wine, and Spirit Merchants, have an extensive establishment at 609 Sacramento street, wherein, according to their catalogue, may be found every variety of the purest qualities of Wines, Spirits, and Teas, for family and medicinal use. A guaranty of freedom from adulteration in these articles is very desirable, and we understand that Messrs. Whiting & Berry profess to be able to furnish it in all cases. M.

"PACIFIC HYGIENIST."—This is the name of a new monthly temperance publication, issued by R. S. Macbeth and Harry Andrews, at No. 7 Armory Hall Building. It is a reform journal in the matters of Diet, Regimen, Water Cure, and Temperance, and is offered to the public at \$1 per year. The typographical appearance of this sheet of eight pages is beautiful. M.

OUR PREMIUMS to new subscribers, and to those renewing their subscriptions before the commencement of the new volume, which may be found advertised on our third page, should be an inducement to all to hand in their names at an early day, in order that we may be saved the trouble and expense of employing a collector. Friends, please attend to this matter. M.

PRETTY GOOD!—Why are editors the best of men? Because all they do is (write) right. After our "devil" perpetrated the above, he asked for a holiday. We immediately granted his request, taking into consideration the immense amount of labor necessary to produce so bright a gem.—Daily Critic.

ONE of the Methodist brethren in Waterbury, Ct., was lately giving in a religious meeting the experiences of himself and family, saying, among other things, that his wife was a very good woman, but she sickened and died in a happy frame of mind, and he should be rejoiced if his present partner would go the same way! M.

THE New York Times, in commenting on some recent executions, says: "The number of pious murderers who are dying on the gallows just now in various parts of the country is quite remarkable. From these dying speeches, the shortest and most triumphant route to Heaven would seem to be through Murderer's Alley."

star in it. Against the *primus mobile*, the motion of the spheres, running from the west through the meridian to the east, contends. Whatever is beyond this is fixed and immovable, and the professors of our orthodox faith affirm it to be the empyrean heaven which God inhabits with the elect.—*Cosmographia of Peter Apianus*, (named Benevizi), dedicated to the Archbishop of Salzburg, edited by Gemma Frisius, and printed at Antwerp, 1574. J. W. MACKIE.

## AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER SIX.

The entire human family may be safely challenged to produce a transaction, either in history or tradition, that shall be found to possess anything like the uncertainty and profound mystery that attends the so-called birth of Jesus, whom millions profess to believe in, as second only to the Formator of the Universe.

Very many able pens and subtle minds have been engaged in endeavoring to set forth the truth in regard to the mysterious and traditional history of that mystic character called Jesus Christ, or Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, through the past centuries, the summing up of whose work at this day reveals to us in the clearest possible manner the fallacy and falsehood that has been so earnestly palmed off as truth upon the masses of men and women, who seem to have become believers, more from the fact that some great mystery was involved in the question, than from any other cause.

"Common Christians," as the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock designates them (*ubi supra*) may throw up their pious hands in holy horror, and roll up their eyes like a duck in a thunder-storm, when the result of years of research by scientific and scholarly men, who have spent years of labor and mental toil in thorough investigation upon this and kindred subjects, shall be placed before their distorted vision for examination; but there is no help for the mystic Son in these days of archaeological surgery; the scalpel must lay bare all mystified and fraudulent carcases, whose careful dissection will be for the "healing of the nations."

There may be no gratitude for a lucid exhibition of the truth, from the devotees of orthodoxy, but the inward workings of conscience will probably whisper to them that it is better to be somewhat more charitably disposed toward scientific researchers, whose unvaried exertions and toilsome struggles have at length produced a reliable chronology, brought forth wholly by an acquaintance with the facts.

It is taken for granted by great numbers of people, that the forms B. C., before Christ, and A. D., the year of our Lord, have no other than a direct and defined reference to the year of the nativity of Jesus, and thereby prove the year of his birth to a demonstration and beyond question. This is a fallacy, and the sooner the public understand it in its true light, the nearer will the people approach other important and essential truths, which may add largely to their peace of mind in matters theological. The forms used of B. C. and A. D. are simply conventional—an arrangement of an era by tacit agreement—an understanding come to at some period of time or other by some parties dreaming themselves authorized to name the point of a new epoch in the world's history. No astronomical calculations or certitude is made or implied by their use. The fact that it is utterly impossible to fix the year of the nativity of Jesus shows conclusively that the use of A. D. is only conventional. We have for a date the ninety-first year of American Independence, which may be, for aught we know, 1867 or 1869, although we write it 1867. When the century era is used chronologically it merely means one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven years backward from the present day; and B. C. signifies whatever number of years the necessities of illustration compel us to place before 1867, our vulgar era.

Men justly eminent for their intellectual attainments and scholarly abilities inform us that "the only ancient chronological era positively fixed is the *Nabonassarian*, February 26, B. C. 747." "All other dates in ancient history are to this subordinate; although, for ordinary purposes, save when phenomena in the heavens can be historically connected with human events passing on the earth, B. C. is both usual and adequate to the requirements of archaeological science, and still more of ethnological, wherein precision of specific eras is less imperative."

In the further pursuit of this subject, it may become necessary to lay before the reader a general view of the relative positions which Egypt, China, Assyria, Judea and India, now occupy in the estimation of the monumental chronologist, on the plane of different human origins. The unalterable law of progress applies to the science of chronology with precisely the same force as to all other matters, both of the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown, the lifeless body or the quickening spirit.

Much has already been given to the world regarding that most interesting country known as Egypt; but there remains a vast deal more to be given when her whole history comes to be better understood, through a more correct deciphering of the innumerable inscriptions still remaining upon her extensive array of monuments and sarcophagi, scattered over the whole land through a period of time reaching back beyond the limits of ordinary human conception. Assyria, too, must furnish rich and rare mental food, so soon as her chronology shall be gathered up and elaborated sufficiently to meet the wants of the general reader. It is no longer possible for Judea to hold the first rank in chronological history, nor the second, nor yet the third, but she must be content to hold the fourth; her chronology being more clearly defined, and held to be superior only through inexcusable ignorance. J. D. PIERSON.

## The Master Spirit.

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea  
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,  
Even till his sails are tattered, his masts crack,  
And his rapt ship run on her side so low,  
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.  
There is no danger to a man that knows  
What life and death is: there's not any law  
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful  
That he should stoop to any other law.  
He goes before them and commands them all,  
That to himself is a law rational.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A NEW YORK PREACHER advertises the Inducement that his place of worship is the "coolest hall in the city." Cool!







